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est, densest pile, the rainbow flings out its shining bridge from the green earth to heaven.

MINETTA.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

Away in the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, the air is thundering and the earth is rent by a cataract as imposing as Niagara. Situate on the sagebrush plains, which calmly sleep between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range, and are alike untenanted by Ceres or the god of gold, the great savage scenery and power sublime stands unrivalled in America. These falls of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia have been but a couple of years discovered, and have been seen as yet by scarce as many scores of white men. This majestic masterpiece of nature's engineering lies a few miles off from the overland stage route running northwesterly between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and half way, or about 200 miles from those said capitals of Idaho and Utah. North of it, and distant 50 miles, though seeming closely near, the Salmon River Mountains show their shining peaks, gray with the care of countless ages. East and west of it, as far as the eye can see it, the sage-brush prairie loads the desert air with its wild perfume. Southerly the great Salt Lake, 100 miles away, is hidden by the Goose Creek Mountains.

The river, about 200 yards in width, coming slowly from the southeast, overtowered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over 800 feet high, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half dozen streams by dark-looking rocks, which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surf of their maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed, as they have ever been, while centuries, like shadows, have flown over them. The river resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still further, but this time by only three different streams. Three falls are the result; one on each side, unbroken and falling in solid sheets, the central one being formed by seven fan-shaped steppes of rock. From the one of these benches to the other underneath the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely, by its dark, transparent color, with the rustling, roaring, foaming streams surrounding it, both above and of the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in color. Its banks suddenly jut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to 400 feet; and through this gap the confined mass of water precipitates in one whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss, almost 300 feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping, as it does, from the loom of nature like a colossal sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises ever heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pictured avalanches in the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a lone pillar of gray sandstone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of waters, or the fear of fate fast yawning on their ærie, a pair of bald-headed eagles have built their nest, and are now resting their young secure in sight of the sublimity and solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound—but slightly heard above—is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base, the roar of the falls, confined as it is by the high walls of the canyon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard

full thirty miles southwest. Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave, of fifteen feet each side and twenty feet high, whose walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is surpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's causeway. Sliding out of this cave and falling about eight feet on a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the falls can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation, and involuntary drawing back, for the whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you, and there rises to arch you in the skies.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark, frowning rocks, relieved by the bright green junipers, making a fitting frame for this magnificent sight, second to none in point of volume as it is second to none in savage grandeur. As measured by officers of the First Oregon Infantry, encamped adjoining, the main fall is 210 feet from the edge of the edge of the level of the water below. The upper falls have not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three distinct tumbles it takes, cannot be less than 300 feet, while the river itself is over 4000 feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the falls is a chasm 1500 in width and 100 in depth, with perpendicular walls of rock enclosing it.

THE TENOR AND THE CUIRASSIERS.—The late war in Germany has not been without danger to peaceable artists. The tenor Niemann nearly got into an awkward scrape, lately, at Kissingen, where, finding a number of Bavarian cuirassiers on their way through the watering-place, he was ill-advised enough to ask one or two soldiers what was the meaning of certain movements among the troops. Nothing more was required to place him under suspicion as a spy; and it took all the exertions of some friendly gendarmes to save him from being shot. Niemann had to make off rapidly from Kissingen without having satisfied his military curiosity. A similar incident happened to the pianist Schulhoff, who, happening to go to Carlsbad to see his mother, was stopped at the frontier through an irregularity in his passport. Of course he must be a spy, and was conducted for examination to headquarters, which happened to be the first hotel in the town. Luckily there was a piano in the room; so in default of better arguments as to his identity, Schulhoff sat down and played his "Impromptu Hongrois." The Herr Commandant twisted his moustaches and pronounced himself satisfied, and the rest of the Prussian officers applauded. Schulhoff accordingly was allowed to proceed in peace. Moral: never travel in a hostile territory unless you are well up in the "Impromptu Hongrois."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Le Menestrel, contemplating the speedy production of "Lohengrin" at Le Lyrique, reprints a searching review of it by A. De Gasperi, a contributor for that journal. It also gives a particular list of parties upon whom promotions in La Legion d'Honneur were conferred by recent imperial decrees. Charles Gounod—Faust—Van Cleemputte, a distinguished architect, and Giraud, a celebrated painter, Achard, classed as "literary," were made officers, and twenty other notables in various professions were made chevaliers in that

order, whose decorations are panted for by all Frenchmen.

The synod of the authors, composers, and musical editors' association is organized for 1866-'67, by choice of M. M. A. Thys for President, with a brilliant list of co-directors. Its receipts for 1865-'66 were 246,209 francs—an increase of 45,433 francs over 1864-'65.

The musical institute at Convent de Notre Dame-des-arts loomed up recently into a National Institute, by Louis Napoleon's potent decree, after exhibiting the great proficiency of its girl pupils.

Parmi, who indited *l'ages intimes*, and is a distinguished professor at the Bonaparte Lyceum, was, on August 15th, properly decorated by Imperial decree, which thus ratified L'Academie's coronation of that charming work.

Edmund d'Ingrande, chapel master at St. Leu Church, had a performance of his new mass, written for three male voices, in that church on September 2d.

Marie de Weber's second mass had performance, on August 15th, in St. Roch Cathedral, and Haydn's Imperial Mass was done on St. Roch day in that edifice.

Le Menestrel considers the taste for good music to be rapidly spreading over provincial France, and quotes a concert in Argentan, by M. E. Lonlay, in which Mlle. Clauss, a female violinist, had great success.

Salvator Daniel, who once directed the Pompeian concerts in Paris, but now supervises the Algerian Orpheons, received from Louis Napoleon recently a gold medal.

The Pre Catelan, des Champs Elysees and Jardin Mabille concerts are represented by Persian journals to be flourishing immensely.

One prominent candidate for Romeo's part in Gounod's new opera, "Romeo and Juliet," was not long since a pupil in le Conservatoire under Revia's instruction. His name is Jaulain, and *Le Menestrel* evidently affects him. The role of Romeo, as scored by Gounod, is described as very difficult for a tenor, as he must evince not only high vocal talent, but histrionic also, united with youth, grace, and free command of sentiment and emotion.

Rouget de Lisle's claims upon *La Marseillaise* have been frequently controverted by musicians and critics; but J. B. Wekerlin, of *Le Menestrel*, is scored by that journal for doubting his merit as composer of national or patriotic songs, in a long article, which minutely recapitulates all the effusions got off by said De Lisle, signed by A. Rouget De Lisle, who is probably a near relative of the De Lisle so famous in respect to *La Marseillaise*. He adduces facts and dates of publication sufficient to overwhelm, if not convince, Mons. Wekerlin, and the admission of his lengthy epistle, without comment, in *Le Menestrel*, indicates a yielding of judgment by its critic.

Parisian gossip runs strong and favorable to Carlotta Patti's concert performance at Boulogne sur mer, and even severe critics pleasantly chime in with the general chorus of praise for her vocal exploits there in a long campaign. Some *on dits* go further in her exaltation, and confidently assert that Dumas will soon complete a libretto for a grand opera, in which the celebrated Mlle. Valliere will figure as the heroine, and Carlotta Patti represent her at L'Academie. Mlle. Valliere's slight limp will excuse Carlotta Patti's imperfect substitute for a distorted limb and lack of free stage movement in that character.

Le Menestrel describes the crush of people eager to see and hear "L'Africaine" on the free day, August 13th, as fearful, but those who succeeded in squeezing into "L'Academie" were satisfied with the cost of that luxury in the performance. Fournier and Wekerlin's cantata performed on that occasion with Mme Gueymard and Caron as principals and good choral aids received enthusiastic applause, being well written and developing sen-